

UNSC Army Files: BLACK INK

by Alex Hawk

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Summary: In the Army there is a department known as the Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM), they are the eyes and ears of the Army, nothing happens that they don't know about. Their most important subdivision is the Intelligence and Support Activity (ISA), the actions of the ISA are unseen and unknown the actions of the ISA are covered by BLACK INK.

UNSC Army Files: BLACK INK

\*\*\_Alright everybody I'm starting a new story. Don't worry though I'm still working on the other one but I figured that there was a lot of back story that I wanted to give a certain character and well, doing that in my other story just wouldn't work so I'll be posting it here. If you guys would share what you think it would be greatly appreciated.\_\*\*

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><p><strong>UNKNOWN SECTOR<strong>

\*\*UNSC \*\*\_\*\*POINT OF NO RETURN\*\*\_

\*\*JANUARY 7 2529\*\*

\*\*1500 HOURS\*\*

"The Cage" was a conference room on the most invisible ship in the UNSC, it sat behind more onboard security check-points than anyone would care to mention, the door was impossible to see and had several Bio-scanners that would need to be satisfied for entry, and last but not least it was electronically shielded so no one could signals could go in or out to listen in. The Cage was the most secure conference room in the UNSC, period, so a person doesn't get called there unless it's to discuss something extraordinarily important.

Captain Aaron G. Gibson sat at the conference table across from Rear-Admiral Ned Rich as they both waited for Vice-admiral Margaret Orlenda Parangosky. On the table sat three data-pads each placed for the three of them and the meeting they would hold, the devices were dark for now. Gibson looked up as the door opened and the 60-year-old woman that was Admiral Parangosky walked in, she leisurely made her way to the table and sat down.

"Gentlemen." She said.

"Ma'am." they replied.

"I've called you here today to discuss a certain prospect." She began. "As we all know, four years ago a conglomerate of alien species made themselves known to us by completely destroying one of our colonies. What we need now is a new perspective if we are to survive this storm that will no doubt ravage our very species."

"I agree. What is your proposal, Admiral?" Rich asked.

"Open your data pads, gentlemen." She replied.

Gibson activated his device and was greeted with a screen requesting he scan his right thumb. After doing so he was presented with a personnel file titled: \*\*LTC ACKERSON, JAMES ID: 05283-67349-JA\*\*.

"We will bring another into our fold." Parangosky said as the two men looked over their data pads.

"So much black-ink." Gibson let slip from his lips as he saw the large amount of the file that was censored.

"Black-ink is good, Captain." the woman said to him. "It means that someone's useful, that they can do great things without the fame their deserved."

"What is there certainly is impressive; over 10 years experience against the insurrectionists as well as having survived the Biko campaign among other things." Rich commented.

"What do we know about his personal life, Admiral?" Gibson said.

"Practically non-existent, his wife and daughters died two years ago in the glassing of Bliss." Parangosky responded. "He has a brother on Earth named Ruwan, but they haven't spoken in years, so we've encouraged him to start dating again for stability. He's far too valuable for us to lose to depression."

"Okay admiral you've made your point when will he be notified?"

"He already has."

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><p><strong>NEW HERZEGOVINA<strong>

\*\*NEW SARAJEVO\*\*

\*\*DECEMBER 04 2514 \*\*\_(15 years ago)\_

\*\*0930 HOURS\*\*

\*\*Ishakovic Spaceport\*\*

"Long Feather to Apache. You read me there, brother?" Captain James Ackerson said as he stepped into the terminal of the spaceport.

"Yeah I read you," Apache responded. "I'm at the small in house caf   just 20 meters from your gate."

"Good to know, and our contact?"

"He'll be meeting us at the Sokolov hotel in the city."

"Excellent, okay Apache until then we can't be seen together," Ackerson continued. "You catch a cab and head there. I'll grab my bags and take in the city sights a bit."

"Copy that, Apache out."

Ackerson made his way down to customs processing area and handed over his fake passport to a very intimidating agent.

"What is your business here, Mr.             ?"

"Here to see my family for the holidays, it has been such a long time since I was here."

"Yes, yes       I asked why you were here not what your life story was." the guard said, slightly annoyed, before handing Ackerson the passport back.

Ackerson strolled out of the terminal and flagged down a taxi from the many that hovered by the loading area. The automated interface cycled through several languages as it greeted him while offering suggestions to tourist locations as well as a quick tour of the city. He opted for a small tour of the downtown area and to be dropped off at a nearby caf      .

As the cab made its way through New Sarajevo towards the downtown area the automated system gave several advertisements for holiday events that would be going on in the city throughout the coming weeks, the most prominent of which would be "Christmas Eve in the Square" by the New Sarajevo Orchestra. It was an annual concert in memory of an event that had happened on Earth over 500 years ago, Ackerson paid little attention though and spent more time taking in the sights as he familiarized himself with the area.

The cab came to a stop outside of the Caf       that Ackerson had specified earlier to the programmed driver. He paid the fare with a swipe of his passport and stepped out into the cold winter air, but as the cab sped off instead of entering the establishment he walked two blocks South toward city hall, in the coming weeks this would be his main target. As he approached the building he activated a small scanner on his data pad that would search for hidden security measures.

Several hidden cameras with facial recognition and cross-referencing capabilities, weapon and explosive scanners, and an emergency armory all monitored by the Super Intendant AI, nothing out of the ordinary for the seat of government of a largely populated colonial city. Next was for him to check the inside without actually entering, as he reached the courtyard of the building he saw a cab pull up and a blonde-haired woman stepped out fiddling with a small data pad in one hand and a purse in the other, and attached to her blouse was a small public employee identification card.

Ackerson took his chance and made a bee-line for the woman as he took out his own data pad and prepped it for a Trojan sync. The blonde, completely absorbed by the task on her device didn't notice Ackerson until he bumped into her knocking both the data pad and the purse from her hands. The woman let a Slavic curse escape her lips as the contents of her bag were strewn across the sidewalk.

"I am so sorry miss," Ackerson said in the local Slavic dialect, "I am so clumsy sometimes. Here, let me help you." While he apologized profusely to the woman and aided her in gathering her belongings, he slid his data pad over her own. Once the items had all been gathered up the woman left him on the sidewalk without a second thought.

Ackerson looked down at his data pad to view its status.

\_Initializingâ€| connection established\_

\_Sync complete, scanning active.\_

The task had been done, the woman's data pad would act as a secondary security scanning and mapping device inside the building while sending all the recorded data straight to his own device. With that done Ackerson hailed another cab and headed to the Sokolov hotel.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Sokolov Hotel 1145 hours<strong>

Apache sat in his hotel room drinking coffee as he read a morning news update on his data pad, the local news was mundane giving information on new construction projects in the near future as well as a few city ordinances that were either being enacted or discontinued. He looked up as he heard the sound of the electronic lock on the door give a chime of approval and release it's seals.

Through the door walked Captain James Ackerson or as he was known in the field, Long Feather. He was followed by a man who appeared to be well into his fifties, possibly sixties, it was Alexei Sokolov owner of the hotel franchise as well as their contact.

"Gentlemen I hope the two of you are enjoying your stay here at the finest of my hotels," Sokolov said as he gave a nod to the two men, "I consider the both of you to be great friends of mine after all we have so often done business together, and you have been my greatest shareholders."

As Sokolov was giving his grandiose speech Apache tapped on his data pad a few times to activate a small jammer in his bag, that would block out any bugs in the room that he may have missed when he swept the room earlier. As soon as his data pad read back green he gave both Sokolov and Long Feather a nod for all clear. Almost immediately the older man seemed to relax at being able to drop the act.

"Well, it's fine to see you both down here my friends." Sokolov said much more informally, "but if the ISA has sent you here then that means something big is going on."

"Exactly, Sokolov." Long Feather said. "We're here for Boris Romanovich."

"Romanovich, eh?" Sokolov said with intrigue. "He's going to be a tough son of a bitch to take down. The two of you plan on doing that by yourselves?"

"Getting Romanovich?" Feather said as he looked from Sokolov to Apache and then back again. "Yeah basically, but the rest of the Innies that are here, we may need some help with those."

"As you have no doubt been informed by my intel reports to the UNSC the Insurrectionists own this planet in its entirety, nearly all those in the militia and government here are sympathizers. Hell they'll most likely have a better chance at killing the two of you than you have of getting to Romanovich."

"And that's why I said we'll need help. In about a month's time a UNSC Army invasion force will be here to deal with the innies and we need to make sure that they will have something to form a game plan off of when they get here."

"Haha! A simple objective with no specificity on how to go about doing it! Reminds me of my time as an ISA field agent." Sokolov exclaimed with a certain disturbing glee. "Alas you if you intend to do this you'll need equipment, down in the parking garage you'll find a civilian 'hog packed with camping supplies its GPS is preprogrammed with the location of a weapons cache that I set up a while ago just for an event such as this. Also once you're out there check the spare tire, I left something special there for the two of you."

"Thanks Sokolov, you never disappoint."

"Nor shall I ever, my friend."

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><p><strong>Bijedic Territory 1830 hours<strong></p>

Long feather sat on a fallen log going over the highlighted GPS location while Apache finished setting up their small tent. The Bijedic Territory of New Herzegovina was mountainous densely wooded and as cold as Russian Siberia. The specialized tent that Alexei had provided them with could automatically regulate temperatures which would be essential if they were going to survive out there long enough to complete their task.

"Done, with the tent, sir." Apache said approaching Long Feather.

